

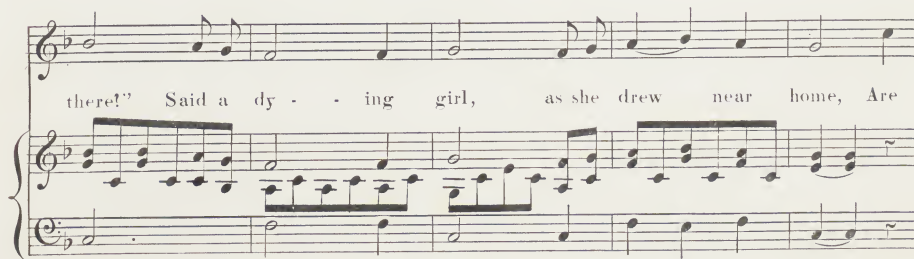
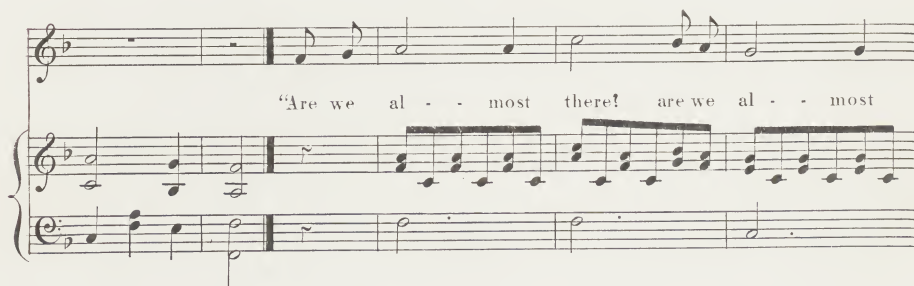
ARE WE ALMOST THERE?

Touching Ballad
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
FLORENCE VANE.

NOTE. *A young lady had visited the South for her health, but finding that she hourly grew worse, her friends hurried her home. On the journey she was very much exhausted, and continually inquired "Are we almost there?" She died just before reaching home. A friend who accompanied her wrote the song.*

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those our pop - - lar trees that rear! Their forms so

high! 'gainst the heavens' blue dome.

Then she talked of her flowers, and she thought of the well Where the

cool wa-ters dashed o'er the large white stone, And she thought it would

soothe like a fai - - ry spell, Could she drink of that fount, when her

fe - ver was on.

3

While yet so young and her bloom grew less,
 They had born her away to a kindlier clime:
 For she would not tell that 'twas only distress,
 That had gathered life's rose in its sweet spring time.

4

And she had looked where they bade her look,
 At many a ruin and many a shrine,
 At the sculptured niche, and the shady nook,
 And watched from high places the sun's decline.

5

And in secret she sighed for a quiet spot;
 Where she oft had played in childhood's hour.
 Though shrub or flow'ret marked it not,
 It was dearer to her than the gayest bower.

And oft did she ask "are we al - . . most there!" Still her

voice grew faint, and her flushed cheek pale, And they strove to

soothe her with use - . . less care, As her sighs es - caped on the

eve - . . ning gale.

Then swift-ly, more swift- . . . ly they hur-ried her on, But their

anx- . . . ious hearts felt a chill des- . - pair; For when the

Affettuoso.
light of that eye was gone, And the quick pulse stopped. She was

al- most there.

